

A Cyber Attack

There is an old saying: “The early bird catches the worm.”

It’s 5 a.m in a dark winter morning, yet in the kitchen, Tsukiko is already boiling water.

Heating her favorite Hello Kitty teapot, then pouring tea leaves into it, then pouring hot water again, and finally wait a few minutes. From there, steam rises, and it gets into the vision of Tsukiko, who is staring blankly through the window.

The night is completely silent as condensing darkness. In the pitch black eastern sky, there is yet no sign of the dawn light.

"..... Yawn..”

There is no need to act in a manner, so Tsukiko lets out a long yawn.

It feels quite relaxing; I think I should yawn a few more times. Yawn. Yawn. Yeah, it’s so pleasant. Today is a good day, too. [\[1\]](#)

Tsukiko wears a thick warm pink pajama and an old, very loose pants used to be her Nee-san’s. Being covered completely by the clothes, she looks exactly like a tilting doll. To be fair, it looks quite scruffy, but she already gets used to it.

Right next to her feet, the electric kettle is making a small noise. And the light of dawn starts appearing.

Tsukiko likes the early morning.

No need to take care of Tsukushi nee-san yet, no need to talk to classmates yet, no need to be afraid of a particular pervert either. During such a time, she can be alone in her small world.

The time when I can do it for myself.

I’m completely free.

No one can intrude into my life. I'm an independent girl.

Right——I'm a Very Important Person!

“Kyaa...”

In the mirror, there lies a girl, posing like a leopard cub.

Well, well, well, it seems that my body has grown just a little more, hasn't it?

Wonderful. Unbelievable!

Still being in her tilting doll-like clothes, the young girl passionately imagines a future image of herself, and then delightedly giggle.

Those actions are already parts of her daily routine. If she is caught off guard by a particular prince for some reasons, then something bad will happen for sure. Luckily, no one's here except her. Such a wonderful feeling, to be free to do whatever she wants!

Tsukiko continues to stretch out until satisfied. After that, she sits down and drinks tea.

The black tea is extremely sweetened... But she must endure it. Otherwise, her body won't develop quickly.

Now it's time for another routine.

Tsukiko is checking [The White Cat's House Under The Moon] —— a website that she creates it herself.

oOo

Currently, there is a popular franchise at world level, which is the so-called Gamera series.

Both [Gamera and The Little Princess] and [Gamera and The Mermaid] are two popular shoujo manga.

Those manga take an unconventional approach. For example, Gamera is the protagonist; then there are the usual violent and bloody gore scenes, as well as some battles against alien monsters, then some weird romance. One may say

those two are absolute chaos, but that's exact the reason why they're popular.

As a result, the manga series gains a huge fandom among young readers. There are countless fan sites and forums dedicated to it.

Tsukiko's website is also about Gamera fanart and fanfictions. Due to a significant amount of traffic, the website is constantly up and down.

Today, the view count is even crazier, because— —.

Last night, the author uploaded some illustrations for a short novel.

Title: [The Prince and me].

This is your typical romance short novel. There is only two protagonists, a male and a female named Hitsujito and Hoshihana. To Tsukiko, writing this novel is just like retelling her love story, so there's no difficulty.^[2]

Apparently, the comment section is filled with numerous compliments after just one night.

"Really touching!", "I'm moved to tears", "I'm so sympathetic to the two characters", "Author-san, you are surely a genius♪", "My elder sister likes it so much, too", "Can't say it's bad", "You have the potential to be a professional", "A classic!", "Please accept my friend request," "I wait for new chapters every day", "Could you show me your pantsu, please?"

Et cetera.

.... My-my. The latest chapter has received much admiration from readers, apparently. Tsukiko's head is full of those compliments. It feels like the Hello Kitty teapot and the slippers are dancing joyfully.

Although Tsukiko loves drawing illustration for children fairy tales, doing that for classic romance is also her cup of tea, too.

It really feels great.

...Frankly, I already get addicted to it. Each compliment warms the cockles of my heart. Please keep commending me.

To Tsukiko, the third best thing in this world is to be recognized by others.

Additionally, what I like second best is imagining my appearance when I

become a fully-matured young girl. And what I like most is eating snacks. But still, much more than that is to sneakily look at a particular dreamy guy, to understand his expression, and to look into his eyes...

Wait wait. Can't have such an indecent thought at the early morning. I'm really a shameless—— —Suddenly, a loud sound.

What has awakened her from the daydream is the shrieking sound from the electric kettle.

She sees something annoying.

A new comment appeared.

"This chapter is kinda confusing.... I don't like the current development at all. Therefore, I only rate it one over five stars" - by [little beans].

Although this comment goes unnoticed between countless praises, it has successfully affected Tsukiko.

It ain't easy to be happy like that, and yet her mood gets darken in an instant.

Again, that person. They always criticize my work, using the aliases [little beans]. Every time I upload a new chapter, their comments appear so quickly. I guess they want to make themselves special by saying something opposite from the majorities.

Hmph. If they don't want to read my novel, what stop they from reading another one? I write it for my beloved readers, not only for themselves. This isn't a for-profit project, nor I want a public opinion poll, why did they have to rate my work.

Okay, since I'm a big-heart girl, I will forgive them this time. If I were the old me, then probably there would be a massacre. They should think of themselves as lucky. Tsukiko presses her arm against the table, then stands up.

It's time to make a breakfast.

"...Well, I need to wake Nee-san up, too."

Tsukushi isn't a lazy, but sometimes she pretends to be sleeping. She also loves to tease her younger sister by grabbing her into under the blanket. It happens all the time. "Gotta be on my guard today. I will wake her up for real."

Reluctantly, Tsukiko walks to the kitchen.

From the outside, the dawn is slowly arriving, putting an end to the short-lived happiness.

Still thinking vacantly, Tsukiko holds a big pot, with her slender yet strong arms.

Well, [little beans]— — Who is this person after all?

oOo

“Here, over here! Come over here!”

Follow Azusa Azuki-san’s frantic arm-waving, Tsukiko walks to a seat near a window, where Azuki-san is sitting.

Monday, lunch break.

The canteen is filled with starving students, so to find a vacant seat is nearly impossible. Not to mention The Starving King a.k.a Tsukiko can’t stand waiting forever on the line for a meal, so she rarely comes here.

Unfortunately, the second period is P.E, so after that, it’s obvious when everything in my lunchbox suddenly disappears. That must be a good sign, right? I’m such a master chef.

As soon as my friends and I enter the canteen, we see a second-year senpai sitting alone right next to a window.

I immediately give orders to my friends. I will get the seats, and they will wait in line to buy lunch.

“Oh man, I thought Tsutsukakushi comes here with herself.....”

Azuki-senpai lowers her head, disappointed.

And then she quickly looks at me and waves her hands.

“I, I, I don’t come here alone either! Really! This seat is already for someone!”

“Yeah yeah.”

“No, please listen to me. I have! Friends! I really do!”

“I know, I truly mean it.”

Tsukiko nods.

Well, she doesn't need to pretend it like that. When I look at Azuki-senpai, for some reasons, my heart becomes really calm. I guess this is one of Senpai's various merits. Coincidentally, Azuki-senpai is waiting for someone. Coincidentally, she is wasting her free time for a particular person. And coincidentally, she brings a shoujo manga for that person, too.

“Azuki-senpai, is this...”

“Ehehe, have you noticed it already? It's the latest monthly issue! I will lend it to you right after I finish reading!”

“Thank you.”

Very slightly, Tsukiko's eyelashes move.

[Gamera and The Happy Prince - The latest issue of Gamera series]

To be fair, Azuki-senpai is quite amazing. Even Tsukiko and her friends couldn't buy all the three issues of Gamera. Azuki-senpai is such a dedicated fan.

“This issue must be released today, am I right?”

“That's why I had to asked the teacher to leave class for an hour; then I ran straight to the bookstore. This time, Gamera went time-travelling! Gamera senior went back the past, then using a space-warping plasma attack to kill the villain antagonist and change the future! So badass!”

“Azuki-senpai must love the Gamera series then.”

“Ahaha, you are right. Gamera gives me the courage; I love every character from the series.”

“Do you read its fanfiction also?”

“Obviously, obviously! Every time I read something, I have to express my feeling on it, so I usually comment below. Moon Child-chan, do you know any good fanfiction website?”

“Let me think...”

Tsukiko starts to be suspicious of her senpai.

Let out a long breath, Tsukiko carefully glances at Azuki-san, then says it.

“— — For example, [The White Cat’s House Under The Moon] or something like that.”

“Yes, yes, I’ve known it for a while! Its popularity is enormous as a blue whale!”

Still doesn’t notice that she is observed, Azuki Azusa frowns.

“...Well, the story seems to be promising at first. However, there is a problem right now.”

“Hmm? Why do you think so?”

“The relationship between two protagonists seems forced.”

The suspected Azuki-san is playing with a straw in one of her hand, and her chin is against the other. Fruit juice is dropping slowly on the tray.

She looks like a particular annoying reader who can easily give a one over five stars rating — —Tsukiko wonders.

“Why does it seem forced? That’s what the author intends from the start.”

“But still...Think about it, to be fair, Hoshihana is just the pet cat of Hitsujito, right? Even if we accept the fact that a cat can talk like a human in fictions, pairing those two characters seems forced to me.”

Azuki-san suspiciously grins.

Finally understand it, Tsukiko is furiously angry. However, it’s obvious that no one can tell it from a look.

Hmph, what’s the problem of being a cat? If they are destined to be together, then race or age are just trivial.

“.....So, Azuki-senpai, which do you think should be the best couple pairing?”

“If I have to choose a partner for Hitsujito, well, to be honest, my answer is the Azuri-san....”

“Quite an answer, then.”

Azuri is another childhood friend of Hitsujito. She has only a small number of fans; her character setting is a dog-girl that has been used in various works. Frankly, Tsukiko only uses Azuri as a side character. The intended love interest here is Hoshihana, isn't it obvious.

.... But I'm an adult! So I should say it in a roundabout way.

“I don't think Hitsujito and Azuri is a good pairing.”

Sheesh, I did speak it out loud. Such a crucial mistake.

“Well, I don't ship Azuri to Hitsujito, but still, I just don't think Hoshihana can end up with him right now. I know she is stunningly cute, and I do want to smooch her cheeks, but I can't imagine Hitsujito will chase after Hoshihana at the moment. Obviously, it's just a fictional work, but at least they better make it more logical, right?”

"..... Logical....."

“Well, that was just my two cents, feel free to disagree with it. I hope [The White Cat's House Under The Moon] will be only better in the future!”

Azuki-san gives an encouraging look to my gloomy face.

“I have to prepare for the next period, so goodbye then. Next time, please let me borrow some good DVD movies again! Tsutsukakushi, you really have good tastes, I'm looking forward to it.”

“.... Okay. I'll remember.”

Tsukiko watches Azuki-san walk away, then tightly clenches her fist under the table. “Better make it more logical”? I see I see. If that's what you want, then I will show my countermeasure. Let's gather some material for my writing.

oOo

In the afternoon, after school, I am waiting for Senpai. He shows up just a few minutes later.

“These days it’s rare for us to meet like this. Did you said you need me to give a hand?”

Yokodera Youto smiles sheepishly.

To Tsukiko, he is quite charming in his winter uniform, with a hand-made tie and long scarf.

He has just finished his training in the track and field club, I guess. Even now, the air is filled with his unique youthful aroma.

Sneakily, Tsukiko inhales, fills up her lungs with the scent. It seems like there is a warm liquid slowly flowing in my veins.

Well, this is similar to replenishing your cell phone battery, isn’t it? Enough for three days.

But still, that ain’t sufficient.

Today, I need to launch an attack.

“Senpai, I’m having trouble. Do you mind giving me a hand?”

“Surely. If it’s you, then even after thousands of years, or being killed thousands of times, or when the world reaches its end, my love won’t change.”

“Thank you. Standing here is a bit awkward, so let’s go.”

“...Come on, if my Tsukkomi ignores me, then what am I gonna do for now?”

“Either you stop babbling, or I will inject you with a syringe full of thiopental and lock you in chains.”

“Wow, I’m frightened now! Why will you do that? I didn’t expect such an answer!”

“Because you are a pervert.”

“Come on.... Are you mad at me?”

Still firmly holding Yokodera-senpai’s hand, I arrive the public playground.

There is only a lonely lamppost. The air is chilly. The swing is continuously moved by the cold wind.

I sit on a park bench right behind a sandpit. He also casually sits right next to

me. There is no distance between us.

“My-my, these days it’s freezingly cold. It’s such a good time to find a little girl, then cuddle with her to warm my body up”.

“Spring won’t come for now.”

“Could you just be my Tsukkomi for a while, come on.... Okay okay, I take back my words, all right?”

“If Senpai wants to be warmed up by human’s temperature, then I will throw you in a place with such a condition. I will slowly cook you in a pot at 36 degree Celsius, so don’t worry.”

“I am sorry! Well, I can kinda predict what you will say, so it’s hardly a surprise.”

“You are apparently a pervert.”

“... So, Tsukiko-chan, what do you need from me?”

Yokodera-senpai speaks with a smile.

He smiles a lot. And that’s what I love about him, but I can’t let his smile seduces me for now.

The way he calls my name is becoming more and more unpredictable.

Just when summer ended, he always called me as “Tsukiko,” but for some reasons, he started to add the suffix “-chan,” or even outright using my family name instead.

Perhaps that’s how he shows his genuine love to me, but then what if he doesn’t care for me instead?

Like how the relationship between the Prince and Hoshihana is going.

I see. To overcome the prejudice of race and age difference, that’s the only solution of the love between I — I mean the love between Hoshihana and Hitsujito-kun!

There is a blazing fire in Tsukiko’s eyes. I actually feel like I’m Superman now. I can tear down a wall with just a mere look!

“Actually——I want you to act as you were someone proposing marriage.”

“....Proposing, marriage? What do you mean?”

With her eyes constantly winking, Tsukiko talks non-stop to Yokodera-senpai.

“I’m drawing a children manga for the service club. The plot has some romance stuff. But I can’t think of any good dialogue, so I hope Senpai could give me some advice.” I do need some advice for my writing, so I’m not telling a lie. Kinda.

“Yeah, I get it, and I do want to help you out. But still, to suddenly come up with a marriage proposal, it just...”

Scratching his face, Yokodera-senpai smiles wryly.

“Just say anything, it’s fine. Pretend to propose. Suddenly propose. Casually propose. I already know Senpai is superb at this.”

“Hey hey, that’s completely wrong! Do you think of me as that bad?”

“I believe that you are a gigolo. You know you are a bit handsome so that you can deceive some young girls with your flattering. Okay, time’s up, speak now.”

“It doesn’t work this way. I can’t casually say such a thing. I have to think very carefully, choose my words thoroughly... And if my words don’t go to my intended target, I can’t express my real feeling, and then my words will be all meaningless.”

Playfully, Yokodera-senpai knits his brows.

Why is he so stubborn? However, I already know his real intention.

Tsukiko scratches the ground with her boots. It seems like she just hit a pebble.

Closing her eyes, then kicking the pebble away, Tsukiko gathers all her strength and says these words at last: “... Fine then, what about using me as your intended target?”

“What?”

“... I mean you can pretend to propose marriage to me.”

“——Since the moment you entered my life, my heart has been taken away. I see the universe in your eyes, and before knowing, I have been brought toward

it, enchanted for eternity.”

“Kyaa!”

“Your eyes worth millions of dollars, well, such a cliché saying to the point of being laughable. But I just want to tell you I’m genuinely happy just by receiving a look from you.”

“Please stop!”

“Even if I vanish from this world in the next moment, as long as I’m reflected in your eyes, my life is completed. Your eyes are two eternal black obsidians; I can pluck up my courage forever while looking at them.”

“It’s enough!”

“Although I can never hold your eye pupil in my hands, still, I wish I could at least feel the wind from your eyelashes or could whisper to your eyes about how much I love you, or could press my lips on your eyes and kiss them millions of times. I will pay everything to get closer to those eyes, even if I can only move just one more step.”

“It’s enough. Enough already. Uwaaa, I concede, are you satisfied?”

From a declaration of war to a total surrender, it only takes one minute.

Covering her face with her right hand, Tsukiko hysterically hits the guy next to her with her left one.

If I didn’t stop him, perhaps he would keep flattering me like forever.

“See, finding the right person is of importance. With her, everything will be okay!”

“Uwaa waaa...”

To be honest, I didn’t imagine this situation at all. Completely out of expectation. That was more of a killing move, rather than a marriage proposal. I’m so embarrassed; I can’t even look at his eyes.

If so, then I will.

"..... Tsuki, Tsukiko-chan!?"

Still sitting on the park bench, I draw closer to him.

From shoulders to shoulders, from thighs to thighs, the distances between them narrow.

I can feel the warmth, the breathes, and the heart beats of Yokodera-senpai. I know his eyes is fixated on me. He is looking at me from just a few centimeters afar. Senpai gulps. Even I can tell what kind of mischief he is planning in his head. I don't understand what I'm thinking. I'm completely flustered, what should I do now?

Then, he speaks.

"Tsukiko ——"

"..... You, to, kun....."

We don't know who makes the first move, but still, at this moment, ten fingers are slowly interlaced...

—— Jingle Bell!



My cell phone has just received a new message.

In an instant, we pull back. The sky is dyed pomegranate pink, and the wind has stopped.

Pulling my cell phone in trembles, I see the text message is Nee-san's. She asked me to go home quickly and make us dinner. Such a spanner in the works, fine then, today there will be no dinner.

When I look upon again, the night is falling. The moon is hanging on the crimson sky, along with some twinkle stars.

"Ahaha, well then... Let's go home."

Yokodera-senpai smiles wryly. Tsukiko nods in silent.

oOo

I'm in the mood of writing now.

After being scolded, Nee-san has returned to her own room, with an empty stomach, still crying. Tsukiko quickly turns on her old laptop.

No need to think carefully. Words and words flow naturally. The story of the present starts to become the novel of the past.

These words aren't born from my petty imagination. They are just floating directionlessly in the sea of time and space. What I do is merely collecting them and forming them into a story. So this novel isn't something I create from nothing, rather, I just rediscover it.

The feeling when you write something down——it should be like that, right? Tsukiko happily thinks.

The story between Hoshihana and Hitsujito will be updated today.

However, there will be a significant development.

It doesn't take much time after all. She just starts typing, then before realizing, she already writes 20 pages. The old story slowly becomes a romantic dream.

[Hoshihana, my dear...

Hitsujito looks at me by his charming eyes.

We have been with each other for so long. Before Hitsujito starts to speak, I already know what's in his mind. The way Hitsujito talk is so smoothly, I can listen to his voice every day. Perhaps that is the so-called being charmed?

But I'm a good girl, so I have to pretend it like nothing, wait for him to make the first move. To be honest, I don't hate Hitsujito's handsome face at all, nor I hate Hitsujito's endearing voice. So no matter what he says to me, I will agree wholeheartedly. Am I a girl in love?

"Hoshihana, my dear. Since the moment you entered my life, my heart has been taken away. I see the universe in your eyes, and before knowing, I have been brought toward it, enchanted for eternity."

"Uh-huh."]

——Just by writing this part, Tsukiko is totally flustered.

Thinking back, it was such an embarrassing moment, yet so sweet, too.

At that time, I couldn't think straight, so I didn't write down his original words. But still, my feeling is new as ever. If I can't even look straight at what I wrote, then I guess my writing is okay then. There's no problem, no problem...

Giving myself some courage, I indulge in my memories, continue writing...

["Your eyes worth millions of dollars, well, such a cliché saying to the point of being laughable. But I just want to tell you I'm on the cloud nine just by receiving a look from you."

"Is that everything?"

"Even if I vanish from this world in the next moment, as long as I'm reflected in your eyes for one mere second, my life is completed. Your eyes are so cute and charming; they sparkle as two eternal stars. I am more than willing to risk my life to protect them."

"Have you finished yet?"

"Although I can never hold your eye pupil in my hands, still, I wish I could at

least feel the wind from your eyelashes or could whisper to your eyes about how much I love you, or could press my lips on your eyes and kiss them millions of times. I wish I can become your husband, to live with your forever and ever.”

“You just barely passed the test.”]

After finishing those lines, I smile cheerfully. Unfortunately, I can’t remember his exact saying, but the writing gives me the same embarrassment, so it counts, right?

["Hitsujito....."]

After saying, Hitsujito approaches his lover closely.

In the park, among many others, Hitsujito bravely proposes to me. Since I’m a good girl, I should be a bit more lenient, right. So I let him draw closer to me, yet suddenly his right-hand goes under my sweater, right on my belly. Hey hey, you pervert!

I’m going to complain, but then my cell phone rings. Panicked, Hitsujito pulls back. Come on, arriving, then leaving in such a sneaky way, where’s your courage at?

"Ahaha..... Let’s go home now."

Hitsujito smiles wryly.]

——And then, Tsukiko stops typing.

There is something wrong here.

I don’t want to write it like this.

Even that’s what happened in real life.

I, myself, can’t accept this kind of development at all.

Let’s stop for a moment. To Tsukiko, this is the first time she doesn’t write her story by her emotions.

After much thought, Tsukiko changes the last paragraph.

[I’m about to complain, but actually, my cell phone is put on silent mode. Therefore Hitsujito has no idea. I’m really smart, am I?

"Hoshihana..... I can restrain myself no longer."

Like a wild beast, Hitsujito gropes me.]

"—— My-my....."

I let out a small sigh. My heart beats rapidly.

Unknowingly, I cover my face with both hands, shake my head continuously. I can't look at that paragraph anymore.

I do want to stay out of my comfort zone, to change my writing style. Though, I guess I'm a bit too young for this. I have zero experience.

But still, I want to——.

Tsukiko takes a deep breath, then stops covering her eyes.

If I successfully conquer this challenge, I can enter the world of famous novelists. Come on me, let's keep fighting, for the glorious infinite future!

Tsukiko's hair tail starts to wag. Perhaps it's her own way to express her feeling. She comes back to the laptop.

Tonight's gonna be a long night.

oOo

Tsutsukakushi resident wakes up quite early.

At 5 a.m, Tsukiko holds a tea cup in one hand, types on the notebook computer by the other.

After a little of reluctance, she finally clicks on [The White Cat's House Under The Moon] website. Now even if I don't dare to see it, there's no way out.

Let's see the readers' reaction.

—— Yesterday, Tsukiko spent the whole day to write a new chapter of [The Prince and me], then uploaded it.

Frankly, I have devoted too much on this novel.

Hitsujito-kun is an attractive and manly guy. Perhaps a bit too bold. More

than once, I have to take a shower between writing; otherwise, my mind won't calm down with those indecent thoughts.

My new writing style describes everything in a way much more explicit than before.

However, this is the first time I use the saying of [a particular guy] in my writing, so I have no idea what will happen. And if the readers end up disliking the new style, then what am I gonna do?

I shut my eyes tightly, then slowly open them.

Fully opened——

"It's grea a a a a a at!"

And that's the first thing enters my vision.

"I'm so moved!" "I'm crying." "I really feel sympathetic to the two protagonists....." "Author-san is such a genius★" "My elder sister fainted after reading!" "I really like this web novel." "Are you a novelist?"

"Love it!" "Please accept me as your apprentice!" "Really look forward to the next chapter!" "I'm not joking, when will you finally show me your pantsu?"

——Actually, they are all praise.

Looks like the readers are fine with it. No, they even love it.

While scrolling, I see a particular username.

"It's a bit too... but still, it's really charming, but still a bit too..." - by [little beans].

There's only that. No rating.

I carefully examine that comment.

"..... Well... Hmm."

Tsukiko doesn't show any expression at all. she looks like a fortune cat. However, her feet is tapping joyfully.

Looking at the window, I imagine my body when I am a mature girl in the future.

—— Wait, I can't get carried away.

I clap on my face.

More. I need to write more. I have to launch the next attack, then the lightning attack, not to mention the critical attack, too.

When it comes to war, I will never sign a treaty. I will destroy my enemy completely. The only way to end a war is to build an overwhelming army.

First —— Let's text to Yokodera-senpai, tell him to wait for me in the park after school. It's just for gathering materials for my web novel, I haven't come up with any plan yet.

"Hah, hah....."

Tsukiko's face reddens. She rubs hands on her face to calm down, then lets out a long breath.

oOo

It has been two weeks since when the author of [The White Cat's House Under The Moon] changed her writing style.

[The Prince and me] is based on real events between Youto-san and me. Tsukiko uses everything she can remember.

After Hitsujito proposed to Hoshihana, there have been many following chapters. From proposing to marrying, and now their third child is soon to be born.

I wrote the time when we went to Odaiba Park, two characters did some indecent stuff in a Ferris wheel cabinet. The time when we propelled a boat in Inokashira Park. And on Takao Hill, too.

Well, I just retell my own story (Tsukiko tells herself that). Yokodera-senpai is always the one at fault, he is a pervert (I think). So pervert, I don't even know what I should do to him (Sounds like someone's trying to justify it). Pervert pervert (Because I am too lenient, he can take advantage).[Please read volume 6 for more details!]

Although writing continuously really wears me out, I don't feel reluctant at all.

—— I guess...

"Life is such a miracle....."

Tsukiko thinks deeply while preparing breakfast.

Recently, they don't want to check their website's comment section. [\[3\]](#)

It's not because they lose their interest. Rather, they become too ecstatic, sometimes they stay up late the whole night for a few consecutive days.

But still, they no longer want to read the comments. Neither the readers' nor [little bean]'s. They just don't care about it at all. Not just once they doze off right next to the notebook.

As the website administrator, is that really okay to them?

"..... Just ask her directly".

Tsukiko looks at her miso soup bowl, then yawns.

oOo

When I was walking on the second year's hallway, I met Azuki-senpai.

"Hi, Moon Child-ko! Usually, I am chatting with my friends on this time every day, but I have just finished, so it's coincidental to meet you! Good morning!"

Realizing Tsukiko, Azuki-senpai immediately acts as she is saying goodbye to some imaginary friends. It really makes me happy. Today is a good day, too.

Since I don't want Senpai to be alone, I follow her.

"Good morning, senpai."

Tsukiko bows. Both of them stand next to the balcony.

They exchange their favorite manga, novels, and DVDs. Then, pretendedly, Tsukiko suddenly remember something.

"About the Gamera fanfiction".

"Hmm, yes?"

"Recently, [The White Cat's House Under The Moon] writing style has changed. Azuki-senpai, what do you think about that?"

"White Cat's House? Oh, I see, that Under The Moon website?"

Azuki-senpai knits her brow, then suddenly claps her hands.

And then.

"Didn't I tell you? That fanfiction is not really my cup of tea, so these days I don't follow it. Really sorry then."

She casually says it, so innocently.

"..... Did you say, you don't follow it these days?"

"The last time I visited it was many months ago. Three months? Or half a year? You said they change their style, could you elaborate?"

"No, there's nothing important."

Tsukiko shakes her head a few times.

Inside Tsukiko's mind, there are countless question marks (???). It's really weird. Doesn't [little beans] comment on the website every day? So who is her?

"What's going on.....?"

Azuki-san innocently asks.

The one who breaks the silence between them is Azuki-senpai.

"But then, I want to read it now! After all, there must be something interesting after such a long period!"

"..... I'm afraid it won't meet your expectation. Though the style has changed, but in reality, the authors just write what they want, without regarding of any comment from the readers. I think you'll be disappointed."

"That's exactly why I want to read it. Isn't it more charming, well, how do I describe it, let's say to be yourself is what make your writing appealing."

"To be yourself....."

"Right. You write it because you like it. You write it because you are happy. The rest is unimportant. Be yourself. What you write is truly yours. You start it,

then you end it with your own hands. Fanfictions or original works, all of them follow the same rule, right?"

—— So that's why.

That's why.

"Hey hey!! Don't think of me as a jerk who just wants to do like she wants.....Ahaha!"

"....."

"Hey, Moon Child-ko, you are staring at me too seriously....."

Standing there, dumbfounded as being hit by a lightning, Tsukiko just stares at an innocent yet so wise senpai. Then she smiles.

So that's what she really meant. Be yourself.

I don't write for "someone". I write my story for myself.

Not because I want to satisfy my desire. Just because writing is really fun.

I feel like my burden has been lifted.

"My-my... I'm really sorry, I guess I acted too complacently, how should I apologize..."

Feeling better, Tsukiko looks upon the sky.

Though winter hasn't ended yet, she can feel the warm light going through window glass.

—— One more thing.

Her recent interest in writing is probably due to happy memories with [a particular guy].

However, the V.I.P Tsukiko doesn't know it. Not yet.

oOo

Today, the number of comments are higher than before.

The forum is filled up with various discussions.

"It's fun reading this!" "I can't stop my feeling!" "Unbelievable..." "Author-san, you are a genius .". "My elder sister wants an intervention!" "Don't change the way you write." "Could you tell me your pen name and your list of works." "Long live the novel!" "You are my idol now." "I will re-read it from the beginning." "I was joking about your pantsu, please forgive me."

Et cetera.

..... Sometimes, there are some criticisms, too.

But I'm not afraid of them. I already expect it.

I don't feel like I want to know who [little beans] is.

Because she isn't my enemy. We are all the fans of Gamera series.

If someone knows I'm the author, then that's different, but I don't really worry about that. The Internet is so vast, how can anyone identify me just from this website? I am free. I am truly truly free.

No one bounds me. No one interferes me. I just write what I write.

Right—— I have become a professional!

"Kyaa..."

As a routine, Tsukiko poses as a leopard cub in front of the mirror. Then she shakes her head.

It's not time yet. Let's quickly put on clothes.

Not because there's school today. Because it's Sunday, usually I will spend my whole day writing.

Today, [a particular guy] visits my house.

oOo

After making sure of her appearance, Tsukiko goes outside to meet Yokodera-senpai. However, he seems a bit weird.

Even after entering the common room, he is still uncomfortable, because he keeps looking around. I have to tell him that Nee-san isn't at home; then he

starts speaking.

"..... There is a very important matter that I want to tell you about."

"What!"

Still being busy at replenishing her energy by sniffing him, Tsukiko suddenly chills like a kitty. She sneakily looks at him.

He seems very flustered.

—— A very important matter, between us...?

These days we hang out a lot, visit many places, then do various indecent things. Since when I wrote the second part of [The Prince and me], I feel like we are very close to each other. More than once, I imagine when we register for marriage, with our hands hold together.

Don't tell me.

Don't tell me don't tell me.

Is he planning to propose to me right now?

Wait, what? I haven't prepared at all. You must do it steps by steps. Have you told Azuki-san about this? And don't forget to tell your parents. I'm really happy with the name Yokodera Tsukiko, but then Tsutsukakushi Youto is good, too. Thank God thank God. If we live together, then replenishing my energy will be a piece of cake. Hey hey, don't forget we are still students. How many children do you want? Thank God thank God thank thank God.

Inside Tsukiko's mind is a committee with hundreds of members, each of them is talking non-stop. Wait wait. I need to control myself. I can't let him buy me this cheap. Can I persuade him letting me become the master of our household?

Tightly grabbing the hem of her skirt, Tsukiko finally decides.

After gathering the opinions of 100 people, Tsukiko decides to pretend it like she doesn't understand his words yet.

"..... I have no idea, why don't you elaborate more?"

"Fine, but well..... Are you sure you aren't being stalked by a freak recently?"

"What, Frankenstein?"

Tsukiko's mouth twists. What in the world he is talking about, I wonder.

"Senpai, are you referring yourself?"

"Hey, don't look down at me like that! Since when am I a stalker?"

"I have to agree. Even the word 'stalker' isn't enough to describe you."

"That ain't what I mean — Okay, I will ask you directly. Do you think there are pictures taken of you unknowingly?"

"If there is someone who takes a picture of me without my consent, then obviously you're the one."

"No, I'm not! Never once I succeeded at that! So I'm still innocent!"

"In short, you are not innocent; you are a criminal who hasn't found success yet."

"Well well, if Tsukiko-chan has no idea, then the one being stalked must be I....."

"Senpai, could you explain what are you talking?"

"It's a long story."

Yokodera-senpai starts to press some buttons on his cell phone. Apparently, he doesn't look like someone who is proposing at all.

.....What a letdown. Now I wonder why I end up with such a dork.

Tsukiko lets out a long sigh.

After that, I only half-heartedly listen to him.

"—— Okay, you may think I'm just a worry-wart. However, don't you think there are a little too many coincidences? For example, there was a time when we went to the cinema, then right on the next day, the setting used in the web novel was the cinema also. Even our dialogues are copied words-by-words. I admit the last part is different, but those proofs are more than enough to prove that the author stalked after us, then they wrote down what he saw in his novel."

"Yeah..."

"Obviously, I shouldn't comment like "Could you show me your pantsu?". I really like that novel, so I praise the author by my best sayings. I guess the author wanna take revenge on me, so they decide to write our love story into his novel. Such a bad person, right?"

"Yeah.... What?"

Suddenly, I realize that Yokodera-senpai' story seems to be more frightening than I thought.

Before my eyes, there is senpai's cell phone.

On the screen, there is a website.

The design is really familiar.

Very similar to mine.

..... Wait a second.

Wait another second.

I have, a, very, bad, premonition.

"Yeah, that's the suspicious website. It's called [The White Cat's House Under The Moon]"

"So that's what you mean? Oh my god!"

"You know it too, do you? Damn. What should we do against such a stalker? I'm afraid that the author could be right in our room..... Hey, Tsukiko-chan? You seem so ill..... Are you okay?"

"I'm all right."

"That's good to hear. But still, that author is surely an indecent person. Spending their time daydreaming, not to mention talking to themselves in front of the mirror. We can use those clues to trace them..... Hey hey, Tsukiko-chan.....? You are shivering crazily, are you sure you don't have a fever ?"

"I'm completely fine, no need to worry."

"Okay, fine then..... Let's continue our conversation. That person is really

perverted; they need to be observed carefully. Pervert of perverts, master of Pervert, they don't even know that they are more perverted than perverts.....
Tsukiko-chan, what happened!? Why did you faint!? Foam is coming from your mouth, my-my, please wake up!"

oOo

Tsutsukakushi resident. A long night.

"Uwaa waa waa waa waa....."

Dark circles appear under her eyes, but Tsukiko still continues typing.

She is still writing on that website, but it isn't public anymore because it was suddenly taken down without any notification to the readers.

Tsukiko, please try your best.

Until when you truly become a matured women!

Translator's Notes And References

1. ↑ Tsukiko is deliberately acting like a little girl, so she usually, though not always, refers herself in the third person.
2. ↑ Both Kanji characters of “Hitsuji” and “You” are pronounced the same way in on-yomi pronunciation. “Hoshi” means “the stars,” and “Tsuki” means “the moon.”
3. ↑ Tsukiko changes the way she refers to herself, again.

Hentai Ouji to Warawanai Neko - Side Story - A Cyber Attack

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Note: This chapter is included in Volume 10 but takes place somewhere after volume 6.